

Halloween 9: The Vengeance of Michael Myers

by Sean Reynolds

Category: Halloween

Genre: Horror, Suspense

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2002-07-29 22:52:09

Updated: 2002-08-08 21:07:10

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:01:19

Rating: M

Chapters: 4

Words: 6,563

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Michael Myers is back to finish what he started!

## 1. He's ALIVE!

Halloween 9 picks up right after the events that took place in Halloween 8. I'm sure you'll find some errors in this story, I've only just started and any errors I see I will fix. I'm also going to tie in the whole series, which was hard to do, but I came up with, IMO, the most logical way of doing it.

><br>This is not in script form, but in story form. I'm not much for doing scrips and that is why I chose this format. I hope you enjoy reading it.

><br>HALLOWEEN 9: THE VENGEANCE OF MICHAEL MYERS

><br>A Fan Fiction BY Sean Reynolds -----

><br>

><br>The shadows from the flames danced off the wall as Sara's body lie on the hard, garage floor. Her leg was trapped between some electrical equipment and any movement was pointless, she was stuck.

><br>Trying to push the equipment off her leg, pain rushing through her body, she let out a fury of small screams. Screams that went into the warmth of the garage as it burnt to the ground. Only a few minutes would remain until her body, along with Michael's, were engulfed in flames.

><br>As she struggled to release herself from the clutches of death, Myers slowly sat up, grabbing his knife and jumping toward her. She screams, finally rising from the ground as Michael flings toward her. The garage is now nothing but flames and Michael is hell-bent on killing. Michael is about to thrust his knife into her when finally Freddie busts down the door. "Trick-Or-Treat....Muther Fucker!"

><br>Freddie grabs a shovel, smacking Michael, it does no good, the shovel's head breaks off. Freddie now is left with a stick, a stick he can use as a weapon. Flipping it around he begins to strike Michael over and over, until Michael picks him up and flings him to

the wall.

><br>Myers slowly walks over, his breathing can be heard through his emotionless mask. As he looks down at Freddie, clenching his knife, Myers begins to make his move. His hand rises into the air, but Freddie takes two electric cable prongs and zaps him right in the genitals, Michael flinches back getting wrapped up in electric wire where currents of electricity roam throughout his body.

><br>TV crews clutter the area as Sara looks around for anything to hold on to. Her innocent face is flushed with fear. And even though the terror is over she still is unsettled.

><br>Flashes of light flicker in her eyes as she is mobbed by the television crew. Reporters left and right ask her question after question. Finally Freddie steps in and puts the reporters in their place.

><br>

><br>The Haddonfield Morgue was located in the depths of the Haddonfield Memorial Hospital. No windows graced the sides of the metal walls, and anyone's screams could go undetected.

><br>A young woman is working on a recently deceased body. She is hunched over it, examining the knife wounds in its upper torso. She's fixated by the body, drawn into it so much that she mutes out the world around her, until a door opens, startling her out of her daze. She looks up to see a man wheeling in a gurney. On the gurney rests a black body bag.

><br>"Hey, I've got another one!" he says, still wheeling in the body.

><br>"Another one? I'm done for the night!"

><br>She looks at the bag and back up to the man, meeting him with her eyes.

><br>"It's a celebrity.....Michael Myers." The words Michael Myers take time to escape his lips. And the woman's face drops in fear as she hears them.

><br>"Are you serious?"

><br>"Nope, have fun" the man says as he walks out of the room. Leaving the woman all alone with the deceased Michael Myers.

><br>She begins to walk over to the gurney, her heart beating loud now. She slowly unzips the body bag revealing the ghastly face of Michael Myers. The latex mask has melted into his face, brown burn marks also cover the mug of the most brutal mass murderer in US history. As she reaches for his mask, Michael Myers's eyes shoot open.

><br>The girl screams jumping back than darting to the door. Michael Myers slowly rises on top of the gurney. The girl rushes out the room. She is met by a long, dark hallway. Small floodlights hang from the wall casting a tiny glow beneath their bulbs. The woman runs, her heart now beating faster and faster. As she picks up speed she glances in back of her, nothing. She turns the corner and enters a lobby, where the only noise is coming from a small television set resting on a desk cluttered with papers. The morgue clerk is no where to be seen.

><br>"WWAR Action News has learned that Laurie Strode, the infamous Michael Myers's sister, was found dead last night at the Grace Anderson Sanitarium, located outside of Haddonfield. Police have yet to say if the murder was caused by Michael Myers."

><br>The television sound slowly vanished into the night air as the morgue worker ran further and further from the main room. She still kept peering back to see if Michael Myers was hot on her trail.

><br>As the halls weaved around the basement of the hospital the girl

came up to an elevator. As she frantically pushed the buttons on the elevator she kept looking back, in fear that when she did, Michael would be standing right there.

><br>The small amount of light in the hallway made it impossible to see all the way down the hall, that contributed to her fear.

><br>"Come on you fucker, COME ON!" she cried at the elevator, slamming her hands on the doors. She looked back again, this time a white mask appeared from the blackness. The girl let out a horrific scream as the doors to the elevator finally opened. She flew inside and tapped the close button as Michael, with the mask still burnt to his face, leaped at her. But the door slammed shut just in time.

><br>The ride up to the main floor was tediously long for her. She knew that once those doors opened she'd have to run after someone and get the hell out of the place.

><br>As the doors flung open she was met by a tall, good looking blonde. The girl screamed in terror, thinking it was Michael Myers.

><br>"Whoa! what's wrong Jenny?" the blonde pulled her out of the elevator. Jenny, as she was called, could not speak at first. Her mouth became dry and every word was a chore.

"Mi...ii...c..hh..aa..eel!" she finally got out.

><br>"Michael? Michael Jordan?" the blonde said with a smile. But the amusement was not felt by Jenny as she glared at the girl.

><br>"MYERS!" she yelled "Michael Myers is ALIVE! We need to get the hell.. AHHH" Jenny interrupted her own words with a scream. As the blonde girl turned around to see what was the cause of the scream, she was met by a white, burnt mask. Michael picked her up by her throat and snapped her neck, tossing her limp, dead body to the ground.

><br>Michael began his stalk on Jenny, trapping her in between him and the elevator. He placed his hand over her face, the hand so large that it covered every inch. As she screamed he tightened his grip. Blood began to ooze between his fingers as he crushed her skull. Her screams finally ended in a gargle as her body slithered down the elevator door and came to a rest on the floor.

## 2. The Past.....

Halloween 9 The Vengeance of Michael Myers

><br>October 30th, 2002: John Tate wrestled with the sheets, trying to force himself to sleep. But every time he would close his eyes images of his mothers grave haunted him. It had been a year to this date that John lost his mother. And he felt guilt ridden that he did not visit her in the hospital more often.

><br>Another restless night he thought as he finally sat up in bed, switching on the light that was on the nightstand next to his bed. The flood of yellow illuminated the newspaper clippings that filled the walls of his room. Headlines all about Myers, himself and his mother. Over the past 4 years he had become obsessed with his uncle. The uncle that killed his mother and changed his life forever.

><br>As John swung his legs across the bed and onto the floor a muffled crash reached his ears. He turned his head toward the bedroom door. Slowly reaching into the table he got out a small pistol, checking to see if it was loaded, it was. He slowly stood up, his eyes still on the door. Sweat began to run down his face as he began

to walk across the room. The creaking of the floor startled John at first, but as soon as he realized what it was his fear turned to what rested behind that door.

><br>John slowly turned the doorknob not knowing what to expect, yet even though his mind was filled with a thousand things he was anticipating Michael Myers being on the other side of the door. So when the door swung open and no one was there, he let out a sigh of relief.

><br>John glanced down the hall and into the darkness of the night.

><br>"Hello...Pete, is that you?" he called out, hoping that Pete was coming in late, drunk like he always did on nights he had off. But no one answered.

><br>He turned to go back into his room when the phone rang, scaring him so bad he drops the pistol to the ground.

><br>"SHIT! Who the fuck is calling at this hour?" John looked at the glow from his watch, 12:02 AM

><br>He reached for the phone on the desk, and put the receiver to his ear.

><br>"Hello?"

><br>"John? John Tate?"

><br>"Yes, this is John, may I ask who his calling?"

><br>"I can't tell you over the phone...can we meet somewhere tonight?"

><br>"It's 12:00 in the morning, I have classes tomorrow."

><br>"It's very important, it's about Michael Myers."

><br>John dropped the phone, stepping back a few inches. Speechless he just stood there not knowing what to do.

><br>"Hello? John? Ya' there? Hello?"

><br>John picked up the phone.

><br>"Yes, I'm here....where do you want to meet?"

><br>"There's a 24 hour diner on 17th Street, by Vincent Drug. We can meet there."

><br>"Ok, how about we meet in say, uh 30?"

><br>"That'll work."

><br>The other end went dead. John placed the phone down and grabbed some dirty pants off the floor, putting them on. He walked into the bathroom and splashed some water on his face. His fingers trembled with fear as water dripped off of them.

><br>

><br>The diner sat in the business district of Haddonfield. It was quaint and very cozy. Only a few people were inside. A man wearing a security outfit and a truck driver sat at the bar eating breakfast. While a younger woman, most likely a prostitute, sat at a booth looking at the Halloween decorations that decorated the windows.

><br>John entered and looked around for the person that had called. He was not there yet. So John found a booth and sat down, looking out the window toward the darkness of the night.

><br>As John gazed out the window his thoughts were interrupted by a familiar voice. It was the man on the phone.

><br>"John?" John quickly turned around to see a young man, in his late 20's or early 30's. He had brown hair and looked like he had not shaven in a while. He was wearing a white t-shirt, and some tan slacks.

><br>"I'm Tommy Doyle. Your mother babysat me on Halloween of 1978. May I sit down?"

><br>John shook his head and Tommy sat down across from him. A waitress began to walk toward them with two menus.

><br>"How ya'all doin' tonight? Would ya' like some coffee?"

><br>"No, not right now." John said with a smile.

><br>The waitress looked over at Tommy, he shook his head yes. The waitress smiled and began walking to the front of the diner.

><br>"John what I'm about to tell you goes further then anything you've ever heard before. Your mother, god rest her soul, had to keep this away from you for your safety. It's just a shame she's not around anymore. She truly was a strong willed woman."

><br>The waitress returned with a cup of steaming coffee and placed it down on the table. Tommy blew on it and took a sip.

><br>John motioned him with his hand to go on.

><br>"You know about your mother faking her own death, right?"

><br>John shook his head.

><br>"Well what she never told you is that you had a sister. You must have been too young to remember being with her. I guess you were around 3 or 4 when she entered the Witness Protection Program. Your mother new Michael would come after her once again. She had always sensed it. She got to the point where she knew she couldn't risk you and your sisters life. So your mother split for California. Since Jamie was 7 the Witness Protection Program put her up for adoption, going with the story that you and your mother were killed in a car accident. Of course, no one could really tell Jamie and her adopted family the truth, it'd be too dangerous."

><br>John was shocked at what Tommy was telling him. He flung his body back into the booth and closed his eyes. He couldn't get over why is mother never told him. All he could do was shake his head.

><br>"In 1988 Michael finds out he has a niece and goes after her. God knows how he found out, but he did. He butchered over 12 people that night in search for Jamie."

><br>"My....my god!" John said, running his fingers over the tabletop. Tommy took another sip of his coffee and returned to his story.

><br>"It was just too much for poor Jamie to handle. I guess the trauma took its toll on her because she snapped. That Halloween night she stabbed her adopted mother with a pair of scissors. Came close to killing her too, but she survived. Jamie was not the same after that. She was so badly troubled by that night that she stopped speaking and the Corruthers, her adopted family, had no choice but to place her in the a children's hospital."

><br>The waitress returned, flipping open her small note pad. She looked down and asked the two young men if they wanted anything to eat. Both shook their heads no and the waitress went on her way.

><br>"In 1989 Michael yet again comes back for Jamie. But his plans are thwarted by Dr. Loomis. This is where it gets weird and even more spooky. Ever since 1978 a secret cult had been worshipping Michael. They believed him to be their god. They even went as far as to kill for Michael, believing he had some supernatural force that drove his killings. After the terror is over the police lock Michael up in a jail cell, where he'd stay until the state moved him to a maximum security prison. Well, some mysterious man opens fire on the police station and Michael and Jamie both come up missing."

><br>Tommy bent over, looking at the clock on the wall.

><br>"Anyways, it was thought to be believed that this cult kidnapped Michael and Jamie for their rituals. But upon further investigation

the cult only kidnapped Jamie. After the mysterious man opened fire, Myers just walked away. No one heard from him for over 6 years. But then Jamie ends up pregnant and Myers finally comes after her and the Steven."

><br>"Steven?" John asks as he rubs his hands together.

><br>"Steven is what I named Jamie's son. I don't know how Michael knew Jamie was pregnant but he came home once again. And this time was pissed as hell. I think Michael was pissed that this cult was using him as their god."

><br>"Tell me more about this cult..." John was now pulled into the story and was dying for more.

><br>"This cult, which worshipped Myers, believed that the reason for his killings were because of the Curse of the Thorn. I guess they thought it was the Thorn that made him kill his family. But it was nothing more than an asinine joke put together by a quack job doctor, Dr. Wynn, a doctor that has had ties back to Michael since he was placed in Smiths Grove all the way back in the 60's. He brainwashed a bunch of followers to believe he had powers over the sane. But he didn't, he was just a very disturbed man."

><br>"So Michael had nothing to do with the cult?"

><br>"Nope, Michael Myers is EVIL. They believed he was the cause of evil but a greater force were behind his killings. That's just not right, Michael was born without a soul. He was born evil, he will die evil."

><br>Tommy took yet another sip of his coffee.

><br>"During this time, John Strode, the brother of your mothers adopted father, buys the Myers' house because his brother can't sale it. He moves his family in and Michael finds out and comes after the family. Kills them all too, except John's daughter and her son, Danny."

><br>"Wait, you said that they moved into the Myers' house. But I thought the Myers' house had not been touched since the 60's. At least that's what that, uh, guy, Freddie, whatever the hell his name is, said. You know the man that did that whole internet broadcast thing last year." John shuffled his body a little.

><br>"That's what he wanted you to think. Not many people outside of the street knew the Myers' house was bought back in 1995 by John Strode. Of course after the murders they shut the place down. That guy only staged the whole thing."

><br>"So, you're telling me he knew what happened there in 1995?"

><br>"I think he did, yes."

><br>A flash of lightning filled the diner, it was followed by a thunderous boom, which jolted both Tommy and John.

><br>"Michael finally snaps at this cult and kills most of its members. During this he also severely injures Dr. Sam Loomis. He injured him so bad the poor man had to retire and go live with one of his longtime confidants, Nurse Marion Whittington."

><br>"Nurse Whittington, wasn't she killed by Myers in 1998?"

><br>"Yes, that's how Myers found the secret file on your mother. After Loomis died, she left his files in his room. Myers finally comes back and ransacks the house finding the files."

><br>"God, I never knew that.....so, how do you know all this?"

><br>"I lived across from the Myers' house, when the Strode family bought it I knew that was enough to bring Michael back to Haddonfield. It did not help that I had Jamie's baby, the one Michael so viciously tried to get. Well, Kara and I banded together with Dr.

Loomis to try and stop Michael. We ultimately failed. But after Michael came up missing in 1995, Kara and I took her boy Danny and Steven and got the hell out of Haddonfield. We moved to Russellville where we stayed for several years, hiding from Michael. We just moved back here not too long ago, but now all hell has broken loose and we don't know what the hell to do!"

><br>John shook his head.

><br>"I knew I should have never come back to this place. I just wanted to be closer to my mother while she was in the hospital. Damn, should we, should I leave?"

><br>"Does not matter, Michael will find you no matter where you go. You can run, but you can't hide."

><br>Another flash of lighting painted the walls and a rumble rocked the diner. Rain began to trickle down the glass of the windows. Both Tommy and John glared out into the night. Another flash of light hit, a white mask could be seen in the distance, across the street. Tommy looked at John in shock, not knowing what to say. The third flash of lightning showed no white mask, no Michael Myers, just a light post.

><br>"Did you see that?" John asked, standing up in the booth.

><br>"I did, oh shit did I!"

><br>"I don't think you should stay the night at your apartment. I'm sure Myers knows where you live. John, I want you to come stay with Kara and I. I don't think he knows where we live."

><br>"Ok.....but do you think we should alert the Haddonfield Police?"

><br>"Don't worry, I'm sure they'll know soon enough."

### 3. The Family

October 31st, 2002....HALLOWEEN....

><br>Children spilled out onto the residential street, dressed in Halloween costumes, some alone, some guided by their parents. Leaves began to fall, littering the sidewalks below them, Halloween had arrived in the town of Haddonfield.

><br>As the children scampered about on this day of ghosts and goblins, a man emerged from a large, Victorian house. It was Tommy Doyle, reaching for the newspaper in his robe.

><br>A large gust of wind tossed up some leaves that had been resting on the porch. Tommy hugged himself and walked inside the house. The hallway was dark and a small ticking could be heard from the gigantic grandfathers clock, left dormant in the corner of the living room.

><br>Tommy entered the kitchen, placing the newspaper down on the table and opening the refrigerator. He bent over, cocking his head down into it, scanning for something to eat.

><br>Kara Strode, a young woman with alluring looks, sat at the table drinking a cup of coffee, watching the small television located on a small stand.

><br>"So, what time did ya' finally get home last night?" she said, while shaking a bag of Sweet-N-Low and ripping it open, pouring it into her coffee.

><br>"A little after one or so, I brought John back with me."

><br>"I sorta figured you'd do that. What did he have to say?"

><br>"He was shocked, to say the least. I don't know, he may have his doubts." Tommy sat down, opening up the Haddonfield Tribune. In bold,

black letters the headline screamed: Halloween is Here; is Michael Here Too?

><br>Kara continued to sip her coffee, watching the television. It now was broadcasting images of last years horrible murders. She closed her eyes, turning away.

><br>"Kara, I saw Michael last night, at the coffee shop. He was watching John and I." Tommy placed the paper down, looking at Kara, his eyes fixated on her.

><br>"Tommy, do you think he'll come after Steven? Do you think he'll come after John? Hell, do you think it's safe to keep them in the same house?" Kara's voice filled with panic as she returned Tommy's stare with one of her own.

><br>"I don't know what to think. But what I do know is we can't run, you can't run from evil. No matter how far you go, it'll come back. Michael has proven he'll go the length to kill."

><br>Kara took off her glasses and began to rub her eyes. She stood up, stretching into the air.

><br>"Well, I need to get Danny and Steven off to school."

><br>Tommy picked up the paper again and Kara left the kitchen.

><br>Danny's room was cluttered with typical teen memorabilia, pennants for the Chicago Bulls, Cubs, and Bears shared the wall with posters of his favorite wrestler, 'The Rock' and his favorite TV show, The Simpsons.

><br>He sat on the end of his bed, playing a Game Boy, not alert to his mother entering the room. She sat beside him, stroking his hair.

><br>"Danny, it's almost time for school. You should really get ready."

><br>Danny did not listen, his eyes still engrossed in the game, tuning his loving mother out.

><br>"Danny, I'm serious you need to get ready for school!" she said, taking the Game Boy from his hands and turning it off, placing it on his desk.

><br>"Now hurry up I don't want you to be late."

><br>She left the room, Danny stood up, grabbed his Game Boy and sat back down at the end of his bed.

><br>

><br>Steven was an energetic 7 year old. He had short brown hair and took on the looks of his late mother. He sat on Kara's bed, watching Rugrats.

><br>"Steven, ya' ready to go? It's almost time for school." she smiled standing over him. His face was bright with excitement, he was not too keen on school, but today was different. Today the kids could dress up for Halloween. Today, they'd get candy instead of class work.

><br>"Can I go get my costume on?" he pleaded with Kara as he stood up.

><br>"Sure, go get your costume on."

><br>Steven darted out of the room, leaving Kara all alone. She walked over to the window, with her arms crossed, looking at the leaves as they fell from the trees. Her second story window made it possible for her to see almost the whole street.

><br>As she glanced up the street she could see a bleak figure, resting in the shadows, its white mask piercing the darkness. Panic rushed her body as she closed her eyes, hoping to block the evil. When her eyes opened, the figure was gone. She glanced all around, trying to see if the shape could be seen, but nothing.

><br>"You're going to scare yourself to no end." She whispered to

herself as she turned and walked out of the room.

><br> The hallway fluttered with light when Kara opened the door unleashing the sunshine into the darkened hall of the house. Danny, holding his Game Boy walked onto the porch. His head was hunched down, staring at the screen. Steven, in a Spider-man costume, jumped out into the yard, play fighting with an imaginary enemy.

><br>Kara bent over, kissing Danny on the cheek.

><br>"You be careful and watch over Steven, ok?" She ushered Steven over with her hand, also kissing him on the cheek.

><br>The yellow school bus pulled up in front of the house. The door swung open where a skinny, older woman sat with a smile. Kara hurried the kids a long, waving goodbye to them as they boarded the bus.

><br>As the bus roared down the road, Kara turned to walk into the house where she again saw a figure in the distance. She squinted her eyes, trying to get a better look. Only to find out it was her older neighbor, Mr. Carpenter.

><br>"How ya' doing Mr. Carpenter?" She yelled across the street.

><br>The silver haired man looked up, waving to Kara motioning that he was doing well with a smile. Kara turned and walked into the house.

><br> Steven sat, looking out the window of the school bus, while Danny still played his Game Boy. The bus came to a stop, he still looked out into the fall day. But instead of seeing children at play, he saw a man in a white mask, standing in the trees over by a park, looking at him. As the bus began to roll down the road, Steven's eyes still glared at the white, emotionless mask of Michael Myers until he was out of sight.

#### 4. He Stalks!

Sara Moyer had survived the horror of Michael Myers back in 2001. But the pain of that night had never left her. Here it was one year after the ghastly murders and now she hoped she would never live that terror over.

><br>Sara could not stand being alone. The utter thought gave her the feeling of her chest caving in. So her biggest wish upon returning to Haddonfield University was to be roomed with someone, anyone.

><br>Emily Anderson was the one chosen to become Sara's roommate and over the year the two girls created a bond with each other. Emily was from Peoria, Illinois, she came down to Haddonfield because that's where her father lived after her parents divorced back in 1998.

><br>Sara sat at her computer, the screen illuminating a glow on the walls. She was at a news site, reading a story on the one year anniversary of the 2001 murders. The past few days had been hell for her, she had been called by at least a hundred reporters. So her plans for Halloween were staying in her dorm room and no one was going to change her mind.

><br>"Sara, what're you up to?" Emily said as she plopped down on Sara's bed, opening a can of Coke.

><br>"I'm just reading up on some stuff...." Sara paused, looked at Emily and then closed the internet browser.

><br>"Sara, I know it's only been a year. But you need to realize that reading that shit aint going to help you."

><br>"I know...."

><br>"Then why the hell do you do it?"

><br>Sara looked down at the ground, kicking her feet.  
><br>"You know when you see a car accident that you know will be gruesome, yet you can't help but turn your head? That's how it is...I can't help but read stories on it."  
><br>"Listen, I know you said that you were going to stay the night here. But I don't want you spending Halloween alone. Why don't you come to Jakes party with me? Please?"  
><br>"I don't know....No, I don't think so, I'm not ready." Sara turned back to her computer, looking at the blank screen.  
><br>"When are you going to be ready? I mean, you've got to take control of your life and live it to the max. Sara, don't let Michael Myers rule your life. You need to rule your life, you need to take control of it. C'mon Sar', please."  
><br>"It's just.....I know he's alive."  
><br>"Well if it's true, wouldn't you want to be with a group of friends instead of being all by yourself?" "Well, you've got a point there....."  
><br>"I know I do...so, what do you say, can I let Jake know?"

><br>Sara nodded her head, even though she had her doubts. Emily smiled, picked up the phone and dialed a number.

><br>Back at Tommy and Kara's house John slowly emerged from the deep sleep he was in, his groggy eyes struggling to keep open.  
><br>He sat up, looking out the window adjacent to the bed. The room stood at ground level and his view went right into the backyard. The green blades of grass could not be seen through the heavy foliage in the yard. The towering trees hugged the morning air, blocking out the sunlight. The darkness filled the backyard while also creeping into the bedroom.

><br>John took his blue jeans and pulled them over his legs. He then pulled his sweatshirt over his head and onto his upper body. The draft of the fall air had leaked into the room, leaving him with a wintry sensation.

><br>"So, any good stories in the paper today?" Kara said as she sat next to Tommy.

><br>Tommy shook his head no, turning the page on the paper.

><br>"Just the same old Michael Myers stories."

><br>"Well, this town did....." Kara interrupted herself by standing up at the sight of John entering the kitchen. "Hello John, I'm Kara."

><br>"I know...nice to meet you." John, in his blue jeans and sweatshirt, pulled up a chair at the table.

><br>"Would you like anything for breakfast?" Kara asked walking over to a counter.

><br>"No, I'm fine, but thanks anyways. What're you reading, Tommy?"

><br>"Ah, just the morning paper, you want to read it?"

><br>"No....not after seeing that headline." John smiled, resting his arms on the table.

><br>"So Tommy, what do you have planned for today?" Kara asked, sitting back down.

><br>"I heard that there was a party going on....I may want to check that out. What are you all doing tonight?"

><br>"Well if everything goes well Kara and I want to take the kids out Trick-Or- Treating. But, we'll have to wait and see."

><br>"Yeah, so no new sightings of Michael today?" John asked.

><br>"Nothing as of yet, lets just hope it stays that way." Tommy put down the paper, standing up, grabbing a cup from a cabinet. He then preceded to fill it with water.

><br>John stood up again, looking at both Kara and Tommy.

><br>"Well, I'd like to thank you for letting me stay the night, both of you. But I want to get home for my roommate does not wonder where I'm at. I may talk to you all later tonight though."

><br>"John, do you want me to give you a ride?" Tommy said, standing up.

><br>"No, I don't live too far from here, so I'll walk. But thanks anyways."

><br>

><br>John walked out onto the beaten sidewalk. The wind kicked up a whirlpool of leaves, tossing them all over the road and path ahead of him. The clouds enshrouded the sun, casting a dim over the street and town. He began walking down the empty street.

><br>The quietness of the area frightened John. He began to wonder if he should have taken Tommy up on his offer. But as he hurried down the street, the sight of two kids running door to door collecting candy put an ease over his body.

><br>John was now a few blocks away from his original starting point. And the further he found himself getting, the more his anxiety stiffened up. He turned onto a narrow residential street. The looming trees bent outward toward each other creating a cap over the lane. As he began walking up it, John did not take note of the street name, Lampkin Lane.

><br>Leaves slowly descended from the trees onto the ground. John now clinched his jacket over his body, trying to keep the heat inside. A few drops of rain escaped from the black, clouded sky. The droplets trickling down onto his windswept face.

><br>As he continued to walk up the street John took notice to an old, two story abandoned house across the street. The house sat on a lot, with yellow police tape wrapped around it. The blackness penetrated from the dark windows. At that moment John new that he was standing across the way from the dreaded Myers' house.

><br>He paused, looking at the dilapidated building that rose from the 1 foot high dead grass. Its windows boarded up, heeding warning of danger. Sitting next to the house was the burnt ground, undoubtedly from the fire that ravaged the garage one year ago.

><br>A sudden movement toward the side of the house yielded John's attention. He turned his head to see a shadow crawling up the side of the house. His eyes followed the shadow up to a shape wearing a mask, it was Michael Myers.

><br>John stumbled falling backwards as this emotionless mask looked at him from across the street. He turned around, darting up some stairs to a house, banging on the door.

><br>"Help me! Open the door! Please, for the LOVE of god!" His screams echoed throughout the empty street as Michael Myers began walking at a feverish pace.

><br>Still banging on the door an older woman looked out.

><br>"Go away, I'll call the police! Don't make me do it!" she yelled back at John.

><br>"Please call the police, BUT let me in! Please, please let me in!" he continued banging, finally giving up as Michael reached the other side of the street.

><br>John rushed down the front lawn and onto the sidewalk, running

up Lampkin Lane, followed closely by Michael. Michael stayed a few beats behind John and every other tug of his leg he would glance back at the white mask.

><br>John turned a corner, seeing a small park that divided the two streets. Thinking it was a shortcut he took off into it. He glanced back, but to his shock Michael Myers was no where to be seen. John slowed down, his head still cocked back, falling to a slow sprint and finally to a standstill.

><br>Now he looked all around, but nothing, no Myers, no one. The only sound he heard was the panting of his own breath. Winded, he bent over, resting his hands down onto his thighs, he still looked around. The only movement he could see were the trees swaying in the wind. John stood up and began to walk again.

><br>Slowly walking, cautiously looking around he heard the ruffling of some leaves. John flipped around to see a blank, pale mask looking right at him. Michael took his hand gripping John by the throat. He struggled to untangle the hands from his throat, but Michael's grip was too strong. John, now a foot from the ground, cried out in horror, but with the pressure on his throat, the cry was muffled.

><br>Michael, still holding John by the throat with his right hand, walked over to a leafless tree branch and with his left hand pushed onto John's face, thrusting his head back into the branch. The branch ripped through John's head, splattering blood everywhere. His legs twitched with his last act of life. They came to a rest and Michael stepped back, looking at the body hanging off the branch. He cocked his head left and then right admiring his murderous ways.

End  
file.